

Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to mortow:

Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks? *Ther.* Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the like, take and take againe, such prepositious discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curse.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou Greene Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tallcell of a Prodigals purse thou: Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Our gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Heere is a Letter from her daughter, my faire Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay, My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:

Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent, This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Exit Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, the two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's

Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues Quailles, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother,

the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legges, to what forme but that he is, (shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Ass were nothing; hee is both Oxe and Ass:

to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaw*, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar,

so I were not *Menelaw*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vliss. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greekes general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaw*.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* carries, and you too *Diomed*, keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vliss. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent, Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say, he keeps a Trojan Drab, and vses the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after. Nothing but Lecherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Vlisses.

Vliss. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressida.

Troy. *Cressida* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vliss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Vliss. List?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

Cres. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me doe?

Ther. A iugling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me doe nor any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good.

Troilus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Vliss. How now Trojan?

Cres. *Diomed*.

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Vliss. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Vliss. Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Vliss. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,

I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Vliss. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By Ioue I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?

Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

Vliss. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?

you will breake out.

Troy. She stroakes his cheek.

Vliss. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.

There is betwene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Ther. How the duell Luxury with his fat rumpe and

potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Vliss. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Vliss. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:

Helou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpenes: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.